Memories of a Happy Boyhood

ADOLPH FREDERICK SCHAUFFLER

Mrs. Selena L. Purdon

from her friend

Julia B. Chamberlain

Kenaridin Lodge

Aug. 30th 1921

MEMORIES
OF A
HAPPY BOYHOOD

The Author

MEMORIES
OF A
HAPPY BOYHOOD

"Long Ago, and Far Away"

BY
ADOLPH FREDERICK SCHAUFFLER

"A Happy Childhood is a Heritage from God"

NEW YORK CHICAGO
Fleming H. Revell Company
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 17 North Wabash Ave.
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 75 Princes Street

TO

My Wife

FOREWORD

NOT infrequently as I have told my wife of various experiences of my life in Constantinople, she has said that I ought to put them down, and have them printed, for the sake of my various nephews and nieces and grand-nephews and nieces. I have always postponed such action, thinking it hardly worth the while, but at last it has seemed to me that the younger generation might be interested in such memories of my early years as I could recall. This will account for this little volume printed for private circulation.

My father was born in Stuttgart on August 22nd, 1798. His father, Philip Frederick Schauffler, was a master Turner. Those were the years when Napoleon was beginning his wonderful career. In 1804, my grandfather headed a large company of Wurtembergians, whom the Czar Alexander of Russia invited to take up their abode in his dominions. He offered to German farmers and to German master mechanics very advantageous terms.

In response to this, my grandfather led a group of three hundred and eighty-nine Germans over into Russia. Those were not the days of railroads, much less of motor cars, or of lorries. Things were done deliberately. It took this particular band of Germans nine months to cover the road between Stuttgart and Odessa. My grandfather located in Odessa, and from then on for twenty-two years Odessa was the home of my father, the story of whose many experiences during his earlier years you will find in his autobiography.

Leaving there in 1826, my father arrived in Boston in November of that same year, and soon found his way to Andover, Massachusetts. There he remained studying with prodigious intensity for five years. After that he returned to Turkey, where he met my mother, who had gone out as a single lady missionary, and there they were married. She was Mary Reynolds of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, of direct Puritan ancestry. She was born on April 13th, 1802. Thus my parentage on one side is pure German, on the other side pure American, while I was born and brought up in the Ottoman Empire until I left for college.

All this will explain somewhat my profound interest in all politics that deal with the near

East and by near East I mean the Balkan peninsula, and Egypt, and all that lies between those two countries and India.

A. F. S.

November, 1918.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Memories of a Happy Boyhood

My Starting Point

I WAS born in Pera, one of the European suburbs of Constantinople, on November the 7th, 1845. My parents were missionaries of the American Board.

Shortly after I saw the light of this world and while we were spending the summer at Bebek, a village six miles north of Constantinople, on the Bosporus, one of those fearful fires which plagued Constantinople broke out near our house in Pera. At that time all the streets in the city were very narrow. Nearly all the houses were built of wood. At the same time the fire department was absolutely ridiculous, the only fire engines being worked by hand.

The origin of this particular fire was in the house of a Greek, who had in his little sitting room a picture of the Virgin, before which an oil lamp was constantly burning. As a result the wall space around the Virgin's picture was covered with soot. A spark from the wick of

the oil lamp lodged on that soot and began to spread. Rising from his seat, the Greek said, "I will spit you out." This expedient, however, proved vain. He then went out into the yard to get a pail of water from the well, but the door with a spring latch slammed to, and before he could get back the fire had so spread that the pail of water was not sufficient. About one thousand five hundred houses went down, before the fire ceased, and among them our house, with pretty much all there was in it, except a few books from my father's library, which some kind neighbors near by succeeded in saving.

Of course we knew nothing of all this until we heard of the devastation caused by this disastrous fire. As a result of this misfortune, our home was permanently located in Bebek, where I was brought up and lived, until I came to the United States to go to college. As there were no English schools for boys in Constantinople at that time, I was early sent to a German school, taught by a capital German schoolmaster, of whom I cherish the kindliest memories. At that time I could talk German better than English and had to help myself out in my mother tongue with German words.

My early recollections of household life are

largely those of severe economy. I remember hearing father say to mother, "Mother, no sugar." Then for some weeks, until the balance of the budget had been re-established, our days were sugarless. At other times he would say, "Mother, no butter." Then followed butterless days. We boys took these things for granted and made no fuss about them at all. To save our carpets they were always taken up in the summer, and we walked on bare floors.

At the same time, we noticed that there was never any economy exercised along educational lines. We always had the advantage of the best school and the best music and drawing masters that the city could afford. The impression thus made on us was that while in matters physical, rigid economy was often called for, in matters intellectual it cut no figure. The result of this in the education of us four boys (we had no sisters) can easily be understood.

As I was the youngest of the four, the economy practiced in the matter of clothes was somewhat of a trial to me. The trousers of my brothers as they outgrew them used to descend in due time to the youngest. Thus for many years, I never wore a pair of trousers without a couple of patches on them. This to me was somewhat humiliating, and resulted in

unwillingness to take off my coat in the presence of other boys, lest my patches should be called to their attention. I well remember the first pair of trousers I ever wore that were patchless, and my legitimate pride in this experience.

In our house obedience was one of the first rules that was enforced. There was never any arguing on the part of us children to secure a change of the parental verdict. We were taught to understand that "Yes" meant "Yes," and "No" meant "No," and that was the end of it. That this conduced to our happiness I thoroughly believe.

Among my earliest recollections is that of a bitter lesson that I learned on account of my youthful folly. Going to town one day with my father, I saw a pink rubber balloon in a shop window. My heart went out toward that novelty, and I told my father that I wanted to buy it. Going into the shop he found that the price was one dollar, and said to me, "My dear boy, it's not worth the money." To this I replied, "Father, I have a dollar (which I had saved), and I want that balloon." "Get your balloon," he said, "though I don't think it's wise." I bought the balloon and went home with it full of joy and pride. The rest of that day I lorded it over my brothers, for I had a balloon

Our Old House in Bebek

The one story addition on the left was not there while we occupied the house. The second story room on the extreme right was my parents bed-room. The two rooms out of which the stove pipe issues were (below) my room and study, (above) our parlor. The left hand room on the first floor was father's study and the room above it our guest chamber.

and they hadn't. On going to bed that night, I let the balloon up to the ceiling. The next morning I arose unusually early to play with my balloon. Instead of being up at the ceiling, however, it had collapsed and was under the table. Then my brothers laughed at me, and then, I regret to say, I hated them. I had lost my balloon and had lost my dollar, and was inconsolable. The memory of this performance, however, was of much value to me in after years. I had learned my lesson.

At another time when I must have been about twelve years old, I had earned two hundred piastres, or about eight dollars, by copying reports for missionary friends. I went to town and drew this money and started home feeling like a Croesus, for I had never owned so much money in my life, and this had been money honestly earned by hard toil. I went on board the steamer to take me up to our village on the Bosporus, and unfortunately went to sleep. When I waked, my money was gone, and I was in despair. My father permitted me to stand the loss for about two weeks, and then he said, "Now you have learned your lesson, here's your two hundred piastres." This experience wrought well for me, and I am persuaded that my father was right when for two

weeks he allowed me to go without my money, so as to burn into my boyish mind the necessity of caution.

Early Altruism

During these earlier years of my life, before I entered the teens, the American Board started a subscription among children interested in their work, for the building and equipment of a missionary schooner to be called "The Morning Star." Shares in this schooner were to be ten cents. News of this reached us in Constantinople and at once my boyish heart was set on owning a share. I had no money, however, and my mother suggested that I get to work to earn some. She said that if I would get up before breakfast every day, and dust the dining room and the sitting room, she would give me a cent a day. Like all other boys, I hated to get up in the morning, but a new incentive had been added to my life and for ten days the two rooms mentioned were carefully dusted, and I got my ten cents. This experience was so pleasant that I worked another ten days and in this way I became the owner of two shares in "The Morning Star." No railroad shares that I have ever owned since, have seemed to me as precious as those

two ten-cent shares, and the fact that I had earned the money by self-denying work was no small source of gratification. How much better it was for my mother to have me earn the money than to give it to me outright.

The earliest missionary work that I ever did was in connection with the Crimean War. At one time during that War, we had a French camp on the hills just behind Bebek, containing about ten thousand soldiers awaiting their embarkation for the Crimea. My elder brothers used to carry New Testaments up to the French soldiers. In this work I joined them, though I was still too young to act in any other way than as porter, and lug up a hand-bag full of Testaments to the hill behind us. This involved a climb of about four hundred feet and a walk of two miles. This we did times out of mind. We never got more than about two hundred yards into the camp, before we were surrounded by French soldiers anxious to get copies of the New Testament. When our supply was exhausted, we used to take down the names of those soldiers who desired to have copies. At our next visit these soldiers of course were the first to be served. At that time (I was less than ten years old) I could not talk French so that my brothers

had to do the talking and I simply acted as burden-bearer.

In view of much of the modern psychology, which teaches that children do not develop altruistic motives until about the time of adolescense, my experience is somewhat significant, for here I was, far from adolescent, and yet willing day after day to lug up this load of Testaments to the French soldiers, and here I was willing to work hard to own shares in "The Morning Star." This leads me to think that a good deal of the modern paidology is more fantastic than it is in accordance with fact. During many years of experience with children in a very large Sunday School in New York City, I have found that altruism among children below the adolescent period can very easily be cultivated, and that many of them are more truly altruistic than they are apt to be after they reach the age of adolescence.

The Crimean War

In 1853, the Crimean War broke out. Though I was only eight years old, I took a keen interest in all that went on. English, French, Sardinian, and Turkish troops swarmed in Constantinople, and ships of the English, French and Turkish navies were constantly

passing up and down the Bosporus in plain view from our house. We boys soon learned the names of these ships. Of course most of them were sailing ships, only a very few being steamers. Full well do I remember, when the Crimean War came to its close, the friendly race that the English, French and Turkish navies made across the Black Sea from Eupatoria to Constantinople. It was a grand sight to see them going down the Bosporus. There were single-deck frigates, double deckers and three deckers. The ship that won the race was the *Mahmoudieh,* the Turkish Admiral's three decker. This filled us boys with pride because the builder of the winning ship was an American, by the name of Rhodes, and as we boys were thoroughly American, we gloated over that fact.

Of course we were quite cognizant of the abominable condition of the British Commissariat Department, during the first year of the Crimean War. It was truly atrocious. Official red tape and blundering abounded on every hand.

I remember an English captain coming to our house that first winter, full of rage. At that time the Queen's soldiers were fighting in the trenches in front of Sebastopol in their stocking feet. This Captain had come out with

a cargo of shoes, and had sailed to Eupatoria to deliver his goods. When he reported there to the powers that be, they asked him if he had orders to land the boots. To this he replied, "No." The answer was, "Then go back to Constantinople and get your orders." There was nothing for it but to sail back three hundred miles across the Black Sea to Constantinople, get his orders and return to the Crimea. To say that he was swearing mad is to put it mildly.

Another Captain came to our house who had been sent out with a shipload of plum puddings for the Queen's soldiers at Christmas time. When he got to Eupatoria the same question was asked of him, as to his orders. As he had no orders to land he was ordered back to Constantinople. This order he refused to obey, and using his own crew he landed all the plum puddings on the dock. But John Bull had no orders to lay hands on his own plum puddings. The French, however, smelled them out, and promptly proceeded to open the boxes, and then invited John Bull to partake of his own plum pudding in French tents.

As further illustrating this shiftlessness during that first year on the part of the English officialdom, I may say that the British wounded

sent back from the Crimea to Constantinople, were all cared for in the great hospital at Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosporus. There were not beds enough for the poor men and so scores of them were laid flat on the floor. First aid to the injured was non-existent in those days, so they came down in the clothes in which they had been wounded, and of course were in shocking condition. The rats in this hospital were legion and used to attack these poor delirious soldiers at night, biting them and sucking their blood. It was an awful state of affairs. To no masculine mind did it ever occur to get a good Scotch terrier. As soon, however, as Florence Nightingale arrived and knew of this, she secured a terrier whom we called Crimean Bess. The first night that the terrier arrived, she was shoved down into the cellar and the door was shut. The next morning they went down to see whether Bess was alive or dead. They found her "faint yet pursuing" although much bitten up. In the center of the cellar they saw a pile of rats, all killed by faithful Bess. They counted the rats and there were just seventy of them. In this way Florence Nightingale, with the co-operation of this clever dog, cleared the hospital of rats, to the infinite joy of the poor Tommies.

I had a pup of this Crimean Bess whom I cherished and who was of very great value to us as a watch dog. At last old age was too much for my Tray and he went the way of all dogs, leaving me with my boy's heart sorely wounded.

While writing these memories I have read the book called "The New Revelation," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in which he sets forth his acceptance of much of the modern spiritualistic creed. Among other proofs of the truth of communications from departed friends in the other world, he cites the following calling it "critic-proof." The case refers to a man who takes the name of Captain James Burton. This man's father had died. A year after his death Captain Burton claims that he received a communication from his father which he describes as follows:

"Unknown to me, my mother who was staying some sixty miles away lost her pet dog which my father had given her. The same night I had a letter from him condoling with her and stating that the dog was now with him, and saying all things which love us and are necessary to our happiness in the world are with us here."

Now I loved my dog Tray who was very

faithful, but if he were to be with me in the next world there would be trouble for the dog spoken of in this communication, for my dog Tray fought every dog in Constantinople he ever saw, big or little, and if he came across the dog spoken of above, I am quite confident that he would attack instantly. I would like to know for my own edification what Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's opinion would be as to what would happen if these two canine creatures met on the other side of the line.

After the first year of the Crimean War, the defects in the British Commissariat Department were fully remedied, so that by the end of the War the English army was really in better shape than was that of France.

At some time during this war the United States frigate "Cumberland" came into port. Of course we Americans all paid her a visit. While we were on board, the British dispatch boat "Caradoc," a side-wheeler, arrived, having made a record trip from Malta. At once the "Cumberland" saluted her. The guns of the "Cumberland" were of much heavier caliber than those of any warship that had visited Constantinople. I never shall forget the pride with which we boys listened to the overwhelming racket made by her cannon. The im-

pression on all in Constantinople made by this salute was most favorable to the armament of our American single-deck frigate. This "Cumberland" is the same frigate as that which in 1862 went to the bottom, being sent there by the "Merrimac" during our Civil War, before our little "Monitor" came into action.

While I am on the question of the Crimean War, I might say that I remember well an Irishman by the name of O'Flacherty, who later on became a missionary and lived in Constantinople. He had been a private in the British Army, and we boys delighted to listen to his stories of his Crimean experiences. One of them I remember with peculiar distinctness.

He was at the battle of Inkerman, when the Russians turned out their troops from Sebastopol, to make an attack on the English lines. O'Flacherty was in the front rank of British troops who stood behind a knee-high embankment, awaiting the Russian assault. A fog in the valley below them entirely obscured the Russian advance, but they heard the steady tramp of Russian regiments crossing the bridge over the Tshernaya River. O'Flacherty told us that he was so filled with fear that either his knees had to knock, or his teeth had to chatter. He was bound that his elbow-neighbors

should not hear his teeth chatter, so he clenched his jaws and let his knees knock. Presently the front rank of the Russian advance appeared out of the mist. Then the British order came, "Up, boys, and at them." With that they leaped over the bank and charged with the bayonet. From that moment, during all the rest of the fierce fight, O'Flacherty's fear disappeared. They drove the Russians down the hill, across the river, and back into Sebastopol, and he himself had not a single scratch.

At the outbreak of the Crimean War there was no bread to be had in Constantinople, excepting leavened bread, and of course that was sour. The British sick in the hospitals at Scutari could not stomach that kind of bread. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D. (later on President of Robert College) was a typical New Englander and a kind of Jack-at-all-trades, but good at all. He conceived the idea of supplying the British soldiers with yeast bread. For this, however, he had to erect a mill for the grinding of the flour, and establish a bakery on a very large scale. With Yankee ingenuity he succeeded, to the great joy of the British soldiers both in and out of the hospitals.

Out of this operation Dr. Hamlin netted a

profit of twenty-five thousand dollars, all of which he put into Armenian-Protestant churches in Turkey.

Soldiers then as now encountered the terrible enemy called in modern parlance "cooties." In one large storehouse just opposite our village of Bebek, there were thousands of garments that had been discarded, on account of these terrible Crimean cooties. No one dared touch them, and no one had any means of cleansing them. Again Yankee ingenuity in the person of Dr. Hamlin came to the front, and he organized a gigantic laundry and invented a new type of washing machine. He then entered into a contract to cleanse all those awful garments. As was to have been expected, he succeeded and restored to the authorities thousands of garments fit for wear. Out of this performance he netted some thousands of dollars, and this, like his profit from the bakery, went into missionary work.

At the close of the Crimean War Dr. Hamlin went back to his work as missionary of the American Board. In due time, however, he became convinced that the establishment of a College for the native youth was an imperative necessity. As a result of this conviction he slowly got to work and in the Sixties

started Robert College. This college is now one of the great institutions in Turkey. It is not the only college, however, for there are colleges in Beirut, Smyrna and Marsovan, as well as a girls' college in Constantinople. All these are doing good work.

A Sultan's Follies

The vagaries of the Turkish mind form a part of my boyhood's memories. The Sultan had seven palace physicians each of whom by turn remained at the palace for twenty-four hours. Our family physician, Dr. Millingen (formerly Lord Byron's physician), was one of these. In addition to these seven medical men, the Sultan also had a dentist, a Frenchman, Dr. de la Rue by name.

The French have a proverb, "Qui va à la Chasse perd sa Place"; which being Anglicized reads, "Who goes on the chase loses his place."

One day the Sultan got a toothache and ordered his dentist to appear. The dentist being off shooting, the courtiers said that they could not get him. Not one of them seems to have known of another dentist in town. Full of pain, the Sultan roared out, "Get me a dentist." It then occurred to one of the courtiers that he had seen a dentist's gilded tooth hanging out

in a street in Galata. Here a starving dentist was pulling teeth at twenty-five cents apiece. At once a courier was sent up, with a horse for the dentist, to bring him to the palace. The poor dentist, however, had no proper suit of clothes in which to appear before royalty. The courier switched him on to the horse, took him to a ready-made clothing store and bought him a suit. Then down to the palace they hasted. The Sultan's trouble was a decayed tooth. This the dentist extracted and lo! his royal highness had relief.

Now mark the Oriental result. Dr. de la Rue was deposed and the new dentist put in his place. He was also created a pasha, or lord of the realm. He was given a palace in the city and a palace in the country, and a large salary. The end of this story, however, is not so happy. The newly made pasha lost his head, and procuring a revolver he presented himself before the Admiral and threatened to shoot him. Having him arrested the Admiral said, "Who is this man?" He was then told the story as given above. At once the Admiral ordered his carriage and drove to the palace. "Your Majesty," he said, "that dentist whom you made pasha yesterday has just threatened to shoot me.' "Has he?" said the Sultan. "Send

him here." So the dentist reappeared before his Majesty, who then took away his two palaces, his title, and his salary, and shoved him back into his previous quarters to pull teeth at twenty-five cents apiece.

Verily what Rudyard Kipling says is still true, "East is East and West is West, and never the two shall meet."

Talking about the Sultan, I remember that during the Paris Exposition of 1867, the then Sultan, Abdul Aziz, planned to visit Paris. Now it was an accepted Ottoman doctrine that wherever an Ottoman Sultan sets his foot, he is ruler of that realm. The serious question then came up how the Sultan could visit Paris and still not claim dominion over that city. The doctors of law ruled, however, that this was an exceptional case. They said that no Sultan had ever trodden any land that was not his, for wherever he had gone he had conquered (this is nearly historically true), but in this case he went *as guest,* and therefore a century-long Ottoman claim could rightly be suspended.

In starting in his own yacht for Marseilles, the Sultan left Constantinople in the evening. This involved steaming all night to reach the Dardanelles. Now the Sultan had never spent a night on a steamer. When his usual bed-

time came, he said to his attendants, "Why do they not stop the engines so that we can sleep peacefully?" To this the reply was that steamers on long journeys traveled by night as well as by day. "Nothing of the kind," said the Sultan, "anchor at once and let me sleep." They then dropped anchor, which never reached ground but hung all night from the chains, and the Sultan went to bed. All through his trip to Marseilles unless they could anchor in some convenient port, this was the rule, and the result was, first that the Sultan slept without noise of engines (this was the period before dynamos), and second, that the voyage to Marseilles was considerably prolonged.

When the Sultan came to run by rail from Marseilles to Paris, he was astonished at the neat clothing of all the French farmers. Turning to his leading pasha he said, "Why are not my farmers clothed as well as these?" To that his prime minister replied, "Your majesty, they are." Now the Sultan knew that he was to return from Paris to Constantinople overland, and he laid up his prime minister's statement in his memory. The prime minister knew that the Sultan would do this, so he bought thousands on thousands of blouses in France and sent them ahead, obliging the farm-

ers in Turkish territory to purchase them, probably at an advanced price. When the Sultan and his suite reached the Sultan's territory, the prime minister triumphantly pointed out the spick and span new garments that all Turkish farmers were wearing.

This, like many other incidents that I have narrated, is truly oriental in concept and in execution.

Father's Linguistic Ability

My father was a great linguist, being master of nineteen languages, living and dead. Naturally we boys reaped much advantage from his linguistic ability, so that I hardly remember the time when I could not speak five languages, namely English, French, German, Greek and Turkish.

As my father was very musical and played the flute like a professional, we used to have musical gatherings at our house every Friday night. Here we discoursed classic music, chiefly German and Italian. We had a regular string quartette, to which were added flute and piano, so that our musicals were quite an event in the neighborhood and English, American, German, French, and Italian friends would gather to enjoy Beethoven, Mozart, Verdi,

Bellini and other composers. During these evenings seven languages were steadily used, namely English, French, German, Italian, Turkish, Greek and Russian. In all this babel of conversation, my father was the only one that could meet every one of those present in his own tongue. Most of the guests could handle four or five languages. He was the only one that could handle seven. In this connection I might say that my father was able to preach *extempore* in seven languages. There are not many men living to-day who could duplicate this ability.

Sorely Wounded

In 1857, my father and mother went to America, leaving two of us boys in Constantinople. After a year they returned and I went down to the steamer to meet them. Naturally in that year I had grown considerably. After my mother had kissed me, she put her hands on my shoulders and stood me back and exclaimed, "Why, Fred, how you have grown!" Standing by her side was an Englishman named Kerr (well named I think). He at once said, "Yes, ill weeds grow apace." That moment I hated him, for I felt that I had done my duty in growing, and he had no business

to say what he did. I expect to meet that man in heaven, for he was a Christian. At the same time, when I do meet him, the first thing I shall remember (not bitterly of course) will be, you said "Ill weeds grow apace." I mention this simply as a specimen of how children can be sorely wounded by the thoughtlessness of those of mature years.

Boyish Perplexities

When I was a boy we used to go across the Bosporus to play with the children of an English banker's family, whom I need not name. Of course I noticed the difference between their environment and that of our own home. These boys had servants, riding horses, boats, and all manner of luxuries. I remember sometimes thinking in a vague kind of way, "Why have these boys so much and I so little?" I was never jealous of them, but oftentimes was perplexed at the difference of our surroundings.

In 1914, when I was a guest of Mrs. Kennedy on the yacht "Alberta," we lay in the little harbor of Bebek, and on the European shore I saw our old house, and on the Asiatic the house of my banker friend. Then I recalled an early incident in my experience as city missionary in New York.

I then received a letter from a member of the banker's family, saying that one of the boys with whom I had played in my childhood was in New York, and was in distress. The address that they gave me was one on Bleecker Street. At once I went down to visit him. I found him in a tumbled down rookery, in the attic, sick in bed. In the course of the conversation I said to him, "How did you ever come here?"

To this he replied, "I was sent to London to represent our firm. There I got to playing the horses and lost and lost again. At last I had to forge to make up my losses. Then the police got after me. I fled, and here I am—a pauper." He soon passed away and excepting his three children, I was the only mourner at the funeral.

All this came back to me on that yacht in 1914, and I must say that then and there I *praised the Lord for having been brought up poor instead of rich.*

In my early teens I was converted, not through any revival or any especial effort on the part of anyone. Of course my early training had been strongly evangelical. Full well do I remember when my conscience began to awaken. I knew I was a sinner. I knew that

no man could save me. But I resisted the influence of the Holy Spirit for four months steadily. At last conscience spoke still more loudly, and never shall I forget the day when I went into my little room without saying a word even to my mother, and locked the door. Then and there I made up my mind that I would not leave that room until the matter was settled between my Saviour and myself. Never shall I forget the time when, after long consideration, I kneeled down and made my surrender of myself to Christ as my Saviour and my Master. That little room is to me *the dearest spot on earth,* for there I believe I passed from death to life. Every time that I have been back to Bebek since then, I have gone into that room and have praised the Lord for the experience through which I passed in my early teens.

Suggestive Experiences

During those early days of definite Christian experience, I used to read two chapters in the Bible every morning and every evening. Presently I found that I was rushing my reading, and not getting very much good from it. I was also inclined to rush my prayers. A very helpful book on private devotions came into my

hand at the time, and I remember the advice it gave, which was, that it was not the *amount of Scripture* that we read in daily devotion that did us good, but *the way in which we read;* that a short passage read, thought over and applied to one's own life, was of more importance than a long passage galloped through. I also learned that it was not the *length* of prayer that counted, but the *strength* of the prayer. This changed my practice in Bible reading and prayer, much to my spiritual advantage.

Many years after this, while I was deeply engrossed in the study of psychology, my faith in a personal God began to wane. I can now see that it was because I was being puffed up by my metaphysical researches. At that time I knew the bitter experience of kneeling down and saying, "O God, if there is a God, help me."

One night after uttering this despairing prayer, I arose from my knees. It was a clear, frosty, winter night in New England. In a kind of black despair, I threw up the window and looked up into the heavens. Every star shone with frosty brilliancy. Instantly there came to my soul like a voice directly from heaven, "The heavens declare the glory of God." I closed the window in absolute assur-

ance that the message given me was true. That was the end of all my skeptical hallucinations, and for that experience I praise my Father in heaven.

My Newspaper

I must have been about twelve or thirteen years old when it occurred to me that I should like to edit a small weekly. There were no papers at that time published in Constantinople that I can remember, and I thought that a little weekly, giving items of news about our missionary circle, might be interesting to members of that group, and bring financial remuneration to the editor. So I got to work. My paper was a little four-page quarto paper, written out with my own hand. It was called "The Ekmekdje," which is Turkish for the Bread Man. The price was eight piastres a year, equal to thirty-two cents. I kept this paper up for about nine months and then it went the way of all men. I made a little money by it and gained much experience. Most of the paper was made up by scissor work, but the balance consisted of such scanty news items of personal interest to my readers as I could scrape together. I still have copies of that editorial venture which certainly are curiosities.

All during my childhood, we celebrated Christmas with a Christmas tree, after the true German fashion. In a deep alcove in our parlor, intended originally for the display of Icons, father would annually construct a beautiful landscape. This landscape, together with the tree, was a great joy to all the English, American and German children of the neighborhood. They were all invited to the celebration. Before, however, we were allowed to go into the parlor where the tree and the landscape stood, we had religious service and all children who knew any Christmas hymn were encouraged to rise and repeat it. Then we all joined in singing and in thanksgiving for the first Bethlehem Christmas, so different in all respects from that which we were celebrating. Then father and mother went into the parlor and lighted the tree and the landscape. Father then sounded a trumpet and with that we ran, in riotous manner, from the outside room into the parlor, and feasted our eyes on the tree and landscape as well as on the pile of presents that were stacked up under the tree. Great joy was ours, and great joy was that of the adults who watched their children having such a rapturous time.

Musical Awakening

Father played the flute like a professional, and he wanted me as a boy to learn the same instrument. Somehow or other it never commended itself to me, to my father's great disappointment. He seemed to reach the conclusion that I had no musical bent in my make-up. In my early teens, however, there came a noted European 'Cellist to Constantinople, Feri Kletzer by name, and he was scheduled to give a concert in Pera. My father was going with my elder brothers, but proposed to leave me at home. I begged so hard, however, to go, that he took me with him. Never shall I forget my experience at that concert. It was like a revelation to me. Never had I heard such music and never had I been so entranced. I privately made up my mind that that was the instrument that I would learn. But as I knew my father entertained very slight hopes of my musical talent, I said nothing to him about it. I went off and bought a cheap 'Cello, and a book of instruction, and at once began to fiddle away on my own account. My much surprised father watched me, wondering why I had put my few earnings into this instrument. (It was an abominable instrument but the best I could buy

with my earnings.) As soon, however, as father saw that I really meant business, he got me a better instrument and secured the services of the best 'Cello teacher in town. Suffice it to say that before long I was quite able to take my brother Edward's place as 'Cellist in the quartette, when Edward went to college.

Presently I found that I could venture on the easier 'Cello solos, with piano accompaniment, and at last I was able even to tackle compositions by Romberg. What joy I have had out of classical music since those days, no tongue can recount.

The Lady Beautiful

While General Williams was our Ambassador in Constantinople, my brother Ned was his dragoman. The Ambassador had two charming daughters, who were exceedingly popular among the various attachés of the Diplomatic Corps. The older of these daughters was a startlingly beautiful and attractive young lady. At one time she was not very well and the doctor advised her not to dance at the Diplomatic balls, as she had been doing. As she was somewhat headstrong, her father requested Ned to see the various attachés, and ask them not to request her to dance. This my brother

did. There was, however, one attaché who insisted on asking her to dance, much to her disadvantage.

At that time there was in Constantinople a Hungarian, General Hauch by name, a refugee from Hungary, because of the revolution of 1848. He was a burly, heavily-built man. When Ned told him about this attaché's refusal to be governed by our Ambassador's request, General Hauch promptly said, "Schauffler, let us go and visit him. He lives up two flights of stairs. When we get to his room, you insult him to his face. You are very lightly built and he will probably attack you. I will then pitch in, and kick him down both flights of stairs, and teach him a lesson." Ned agreed and together they went to the attaché's apartment. Fortunately, for the man at whom they were aiming, he was not at home and so was saved an unusually rapid descent of two flights of stairs.

This General Hauch, who had been a cavalry general, used often to come to our house. As father was very well posted with regard to all the Napoleonic wars, he used to tell stories of various incidents in that great emperor's campaigns. One time at the table father was describing in his usual brilliant way the battle

of Leipzig. When he came to the tremendous cavalry charge of twenty thousand allied troops against the French, all at the table stopped eating to listen. With tremendous brilliancy father brought that cavalry charge down on the French, and drove it through their lines. General Hauch sat entranced, and in his face were both amazement and admiration. When father got through, all this cavalry general said was, "My God, you ought to have been a general of Hussars."

While taking about our Ambassador's daughter, I might make a frank confession. Though much my senior, she completely carried my boyish heart by storm, and I fairly adored her. One evening at their house we were playing Forfeits, and the forfeit given to me was "Bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the one you love best." Promptly I rose and bowed to one, and kneeled to my fair divinity, and then stood still. On that she said, "Fred, why don't you go ahead?" To this I replied, "I am afraid." She then answered, "Whom do you want to kiss?" and my laconic reply was "You." Imagine my amazement when she said, "Well, why don't you go ahead?" I did.

The Yacht Alberta, in Bebek Bay in 1914

Nightingales

All around our village of Bebek, in the spring, the nightingales made night vocal. Toward evening one time I was rowing on a little river, called by the Turks "The Heavenly Waters of Asia." It empties into the Bosporus just opposite our village. Suddenly I heard a nightingale beginning to sing. On stopping to see where the songster might be, I located it in the branches of a tree overhanging the river. As I had never seen a nightingale, I backed my caique gently up until I was beneath the branches of this tree. Looking up I saw the nightingale, the first and only one I have ever seen. It was a little larger than a sparrow, and the same general gray-brown. The nightingale looked at me for a moment and then, concluding that no harm was near, it started its song again. I was within six feet of it, and sat there perfectly enraptured at the trills of which the nightingale is master, as no other bird is.

Taking about nightingales reminds me of the last evening that we spent on the yacht "Alberta" in Bebek harbor in 1914. It was a beautiful May evening and in May-time the Bosporus is simply Paradise. The full moon

had risen, and on every hand the nightingales were pouring forth their matchless melodies. All of our company on the "Alberta," but especially Dr. John Henry Jowett, were in a kind of ecstasy. Suddenly we heard the melody of human voices, and then we saw that the teachers from Robert College were approaching our yacht in seven boats, lashed together. They had come to serenade us on the eve of our departure. For us to sit on the deck of the yacht in such surroundings with such a sweet farewell, aroused emotions beyond the possibility of words to express. After they had sung their last song, they slowly rowed away, still singing, and we listened breathlessly as their voices died out in the distance. I do not think that any member of our party will ever forget that bewitching hour, in the midst of such entrancing surroundings.

Aim in Life

During all my boyhood days, father was accustomed from time to time, when fitting opportunity presented itself, to talk to us boys about the Bible, about its history, its biography, its doctrines. These were most enlightening talks and I never shall cease to be grateful for

Part of the Schauffler Family

The boy leaning on his father's knee is Edward W. Schauffler.

the firm foundation that he laid in our minds for the right apprehension of Biblical truth.

I always intended to be a minister, but I do not remember how I reached this conclusion or when. I merely took it for granted and was well satisfied with my aim in life. From this decision I never wavered by a hair's breadth. I think this was much to my advantage. As I advanced in years and came to college, I was surprised to see how many men were wavering in their decisions, as to their life-calling. It seems to me now that they were handicapped in much of their college work, because they had not decided along what lines their permanent activities were to be directed. Now they seemed to incline in one direction, and a few months later in another. This indecision certainly was no advantage to them.

Varied Experiences

During my boyhood, after father began the translation of the Bible into Turkish, we had a Mohammedan scribe who aided him, living in our house. From him we boys learned good Turkish. Many were the evenings we spent in his room, he telling us sundry and various Eastern stories, going as far back as the Arabian Nights literature. I well remember quite a

number of these which had an Oriental humor about them peculiarly their own. One of them was as follows:

A starving man went into a bakeshop and there smelling the savory odors that filled the place, satisfied his appetite. On his declaring that he was no longer hungry, the proprietor of the bakeshop demanded of him the price of a meal. Of course a dispute arose between the two, and they adjourned to the Kadi for final settlement of their difficulty. The Kadi, on finding that the starving man had eaten nothing, but had been satisfied with the smell of the viands, gave his judgment as follows:

"As this man has eaten none of your food, but has been satisfied with its smell, he will put some money into a tin pan, and jingle it in your hearing, until you are satisfied with the sound. He will then take his money and go his way."

Like all eastern countries Turkey in those days was much plagued with the cholera. As they knew nothing about cholera bacillus and the contamination of water, and as the water supply in most Turkish cities was very poor, the ravages of that disease were terrific. Apropos of this the story is told that a man living in Smyrna heard that the cholera was

coming. On that he packed up and cleared out. On his journey from that city he met the cholera and the following dialogue took place:

"Where are you going?" said the man.

"I am going to Smyrna," the cholera replied.

"How many are you going to kill this time?"

"This time I shall kill 25,000."

After this brief conversation they parted. Later on hearing that the cholera had left Smyrna the man started back and again he met with that fell traveler. Resuming the dialogue of some months before the man said:

"You are an awful liar."

"What makes you say that?"

"You said when I met you going to Smyrna, 'I shall kill 25,000,' but you actually killed 50,000."

"I am no liar," was the reply, "I killed 25,000 as I said, and fear killed the other 25,000."

After father entered the Turkish work, we had regular Sunday services in our house conducted in Turkish. Of course this helped us boys to a better use of the language. Here we had all manner of Turks coming to hear the Gospel, but chiefly men of the more intellectual class. Quite a number of Dervishes used to come, who always paid respectful attention and

never controverted what was set forth. They only asked for further light along religious lines.

For many years father also conducted a regular morning preaching service for the Germans who lived in Bebek, so that in our house there was regular divine service for a long time in two languages, namely German and Turkish.

While I am talking about Turkish I might mention the fact that some few missionaries sent out from home without any linguistic talent or training, were prone to think that they could preach in Turkish before they were really qualified to do so. One marked instance of this presumption I well remember.

A young missionary, who shall be nameless, felt that he could preach in Turkish. Father assured him that he was not sufficiently master of the language to venture upon it so soon, but as he urged very hard, a reluctant consent was given. We boys of course were present. Imagine our surprise when he began by trying to say "Let us pray," though what he actually said was, "Let us make a wall." The reason for this mistake was that the phrase "Let us pray," in Turkish was "Duva edelim," while the phrase "Let us make a wall" was "Duvar edelim."

When he started in to pray, he meant to ask that God would enlighten us. In place of that he actually asked that God would make donkeys of us. The Turkish petition for enlightenment would have been "Bizi üshüklendir." The Turkish for "Make donkeys of us," is "Bizi esheklendir." We boys were taught never to laugh if anyone made any mistake in the use of a foreign language, nor did we laugh at this time, which was a token of our remarkable self-control.

We always had family prayers both morning and evening. First we sang, then the Bible was read, each one having a Bible and reading two verses, turn about. In this way we went through the Bible excepting of course the long chapters of genealogies. Our knowledge of the Bible as a whole was enormously benefited by this reading of the Word twice a day for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. We could get along with the proper names in the Old Testament, much better than some graduates of theological seminaries in our country, whom I have heard stumble atrociously when they came to Hebrew proper names.

I Turn Nurse

As illustrating what fell to my lot sometimes, let me say that after my brothers had left for college and I was the only boy at home, father had a serious fall and had to go to bed for a number of days. At this same time mother was also in bed having had an attack of pulmonary hemorrhage. They were in different bedrooms. As we had no maid in the house, I would take what the cook brought upstairs, and prepare two trays, one for father and one for mother, thus having the joy of ministering to them in their time of need. At that time, which was before 1862, mother rather expected that her end was drawing near. Little did she think that she still had thirty-two years of life before her.

In our house in Bebek there was absolutely no plumbing. A bath tub was an unheard of luxury. The whole house was heated with stoves. At one time when father was sick with rheumatism the doctor prescribed hot baths. To carry out this prescription we had to borrow a portable bath tub. All the water had to be carried up (both hot and cold) two flights of stairs in pails. This was no small job and gave us boys considerable exercise in carrying up

two pails apiece in sufficient quantities to fill the bath tub. So far as I know at that time no missionary, and practically no foreigner, had stationary bath tubs in their houses, and yet they managed to keep clean. We carried out Florence Nightingale's teaching that anyone can keep clean that wants to, who has a wash bowl, wash rag, hot water and plenty of soap.

Visit to Odessa

Before I came to college, father took me over to Odessa twice, where we visited his two sisters. One of them was a widow whose husband had been Provost of all the South Russian Lutheran churches. The husband of the other was, at the time of our visit, occupying the same official position. It was in Odessa that I heard father preach more like an inspired man than ever before.

In my uncle's church there had been a split, and a certain number of members had withdrawn and formed an independent Lutheran church under the leadership of a Rev. Mr. Candidus, a rationalist. Here the old gospel was certainly not preached, but some new fangled doctrines finding their origin in Germany. Because father had so many friends from the olden time among these Come-outers, Mr. Candidus,

felt obliged to ask father to preach. For the first time I saw him preach in a black gown. Utilizing his opportunity, father preached for one hour on the gospel of the grace of God (of course in German). He seemed to me at that time like an inspired man, and I listened with a kind of amazed fascination. He held the congregation spell-bound as he set forth the way of salvation through faith in a crucified, risen, and ascended Savior. At the close of the sermon the disgusted pastor said to one of his parishoners, "What I have been six years in building up, this Schauffler has torn down in one hour."

During these two visits in Odessa, father traveled through the German villages in South Russia, preaching in every village. His going and coming was like a triumphal procession. They always sent four-horse carriages for him which to me as a boy was a great luxury. The villagers turned out to meet him on his arrival and turned out again to give him God-speed on his departure.

From one of these villages it was arranged that I should return to Odessa alone in the stage coach. I knew no Russian excepting the few words that my father had taught me. He had directed me how to inquire in Odessa for the

Lutheran Church, how to direct the droshky driver right and left, and how to tell him to stop. On that trip we were due to arrive in Odessa about nine o'clock in the evening, but the roads were so abominably muddy that we were endlessly delayed. Our stage had seven horses, namely four pole horses and three leaders. Repeatedly we sank in the mud so deep that the driver ordered all passengers out. We then all put our shoulders to the wheels, and what with lashing of the seven horses and the combined efforts of the passengers, we got the stage coach out of one mud hole after another. The result was that we reached Odessa at 1 A. M. instead of 9 P. M. I took a droshky and ordered him to drive to the Lutheran Church. After we had driven for a few moments I saw that I was headed for the outskirts of the city. In a droshky, the passenger is seated just behind the driver and can touch his shoulder. I touched the man on the shoulder and said again, "To the Lutheran Church." He shook his shoulder and drove on. Then I remembered that my grandfather had been driven in the same way to the outskirts of the city, and then been robbed, and the driver had driven off at full speed. Thinking in my boyish mind that this was probably the scheme of my driver, it

seemed to me that I must do something decisive. I had with me a large American hunting knife, given to me by our Ambassador's son in Constantinople. It had a terrible blade. This knife I then drew and holding it up in the moon light repeated again, "To the Lutheran Church." The driver looked back, saw the knife, and instantly whirled his horses around and drove like mad to my uncle's church. I paid him, feeling grateful that I had got out of the scrape so easily.

I then had to climb over the wall, as the gate to the enclosure was shut. Here I felt myself in almost greater danger than while I was in the droshky, because my uncle kept a private watchman and I feared that if he saw me climbing over the wall he might shoot. Suffice it to say that I got through safely, and in the morning told my story. This of course spread at once among the Germans in Odessa, and as a seventeen-year old boy, I found that I had suddenly become a hero in the eyes of all my Odessa friends. I have often wondered what I should have done if the driver had continued on. Fortunately I was not pushed to the extreme for a decision yea or nay. I might have gone to a horrible extreme, for a boy seventeen years old is not necessarily a Solomon.

Both times when we left Odessa my friends fairly drowned me with presents of cake and candy. I remember the last time on saying farewell that the upper berth in our stateroom was simply piled full of boxes of cake and candy. On reaching Constantinople, I found no difficulty in disposing of these gifts among my playmates and for a while I was exceedingly popular.

Russia in 1862 and Later

Just now, in January, 1919, the Russian question is very much to the front. In Russia, as I write, anarchy reigns supreme. In saying Russia, I mean exclusively Russia to the west of the Ural range. What I say has no reference to Siberian Russia. Now the Russia that I knew, and which is very much, so far as the rural population is concerned, the Russia of to-day, was in shocking shape. Drunkenness was everywhere most apparent. The priesthood, while sexually much more moral than the Roman Catholic priesthood, at least in Spain, Austria or South America, were still most illiterate and much given to drink. I have seen a priest of the Greek church ministering at the high altar at a communion service, who had drunk so much wine that he had to

be helped back to the vestry by two acolytes, as he was not able to walk straight.

On one of these trips back from Odessa to Constantinople I sat next to a Russian Orthodox priest who was bound for the Holy Land, where he expected to visit every place where our Master had been. He was a particularly holy man in his own estimation and thought he was on a particularly holy errand. Therefore he made a cross over every article of food to which he helped himself, and over every glass of vodka which he drank at the table. I am telling the literal truth when I say that at each meal, including breakfast, he became so drunk that his crosses developed into indeterminate circles. From every meal he arose intoxicated. The proverb says, "Like priest, like people," and this proverb is largely true.

On one of our trips through South Russia we stopped at a rest house to get boiling water for our tea. Outside of the rest house there was a large caravan of wagons, taking wheat into Odessa. The farmers were resting. I went into the large waiting room and there saw sitting around the table some twenty farmers all with vodka in front of them, and all drunk. While I was there one of them rose to leave the room. He was so intoxicated that he

fell and was unable to get up. Every man at the table was so drunk that no one dared to rise and help him. How ever these men got into Odessa with their wagons, I am sure I don't know. In Odessa itself the conventional sign over the drink shops was a rude painting representing men sitting at a table drinking, and two men helping a third, who was thoroughly intoxicated, out of the room.

Years after this on an Atlantic liner, I made a statement at the table that the Russians were a drunken lot, and an American lady, stood up in their defense and claimed that I was maligning them. There was at the same table a Count Siesdorpf (I think that is the way the name is spelled) who had been military attaché for Prussia in St. Petersburg. Turning to him I said, "Count, are the Russians heavy drinkers?" To this he made the following reply:

"When I was military attaché in St. Petersburg, I attended a court ball. At one time in the evening, the young officers got so high over their drink, that they uncorked champagne bottles and emptied the contents into the keyboard of the piano. One of them then sat down and played a rapid movement. Every key that he struck resulted in a little geyser of champagne squirting up.

"In the course of the evening one of the court ladies said that she was very hot. On that a lieutenant took a champagne bottle and smashed out the panes of glass from one window. Then other military men amused themselves by taking the empty champagne bottles and firing them out of the window at passers-by on the sidewalk."

I said to the Count, "Was that good society?" To this he replied, "There was none better in St. Petersburg." He then continued:

"At one time I was invited to a military dinner and we sat down to the table one hundred military men. We got up from the table seventeen. All the rest either had been dragged out by their attendants, or were on the floor."

After this recital I looked at my American lady friend and I found that her spirit had left her, and she had not a word to say about my being a false witness.

Riding and Rowing

At one time before I came to this country, our Ambassador had a son who was a playmate of mine, and I used, frequently, to visit at their house, both in winter in Pera, and in summer at their palace in Therapia. The Am-

bassador had a splendid white Arab horse, full of spunk, most beautiful to behold, and splendid to ride. His son had a pony. Together we used to go out riding.

Now this Arab horse had a trick of working round the curb bit until he got it in his teeth. Then he would bolt and run, and until the bit could be pulled from his teeth he was entirely ungovernable. I remember one time we were riding along a beach on the Bosporus. Without my taking notice of it, he slowly got the bit in his teeth and started. I was no great horseman, but like many boys I could hang on to a saddle like a monkey, which I proceeded to do. Presently I noticed ahead a rope stretched across the beach and fastened to a tree on the land side. This was being used by a lighter to warp her way nearer the beach. The horse was running so wild that I thought he would not notice the rope stretched taut about three and a half feet from the ground across the beach. I thought my end had come, and that horse and I would go down in the wild rush, and I shut my eyes. Suddenly I felt the creature rise to take the leap, clear the rope and land safely on the other side. Then I knew that my days were not numbered. In due time I managed to pull the bit out from

between his teeth, and soon had him down to a reasonably civilized gait.

Of course I learned how to row a caique on the swift Bosporus, and many was the fine afternoon I spent on that lovely stream of water, enjoying myself to the height. I became quite expert in managing these ticklish boats, even in very swift currents that are a danger to all careless boatmen, so that they presented to me no terror at all.

The Beautiful Bosporus

Very much of the happiness of my boyhood days, of course, arose from my environment. Since those days I have seen a good deal of the world and have had the happiness of enjoying some of its most beautiful scenery, as for example that of the Swiss and the Italian Lakes as well as the lakes in the Austrian Salzkammergut. At the same time I am free to say that nowhere in the world does there exist so charming a stream of water as that of the Bosporus. From the Black Sea to the Marmora, the Bosporus is eighteen miles long; it runs pretty due North and South. At the same time it is characterized by promontories sometimes on the Asiatic, sometimes on the European side. These promontories are faced

in nearly every case by a corresponding bay on the opposite shore. The result is that as one steams from the Marmora to the Black Sea there is a never ending change of view. On either sides the hills rise to an average height of 400 feet, though in one place, a hill on the eastern side called the Giant's Mountain rises to fully one thousand feet. At the bases of these hills lies a long line of villages, and nearly all the choicest spots by the water side are occupied by residents of the more well-to-do classes. On the European side there are to be seen the substantial structures of the Constantinople College for girls and the Robert College for boys. Further north at Therapia and Bouyukdere are most of the summer palaces of the foreign legations. The hill sides are beautifully clothed with sycamore, cypress and other trees, while ever and anon the Judas tree blazes forth in May with its bright pink blossoms, and fairly startles one's vision by the contrast it makes with the solemn cypress trees. During peace times steamers of all nations can be seen plying up and down the Bosporus on their way to the various Black Sea ports, or returning from those ports laden with cargoes of grain. A busier stream of water than the Bosporus can hardly be seen anywhere. At the

same time one can see there sailing boats with the old Argonautic rig, of more than two thousand years ago, so that East and West meet here again in startling contrast.

Over these hills I used to range as a boy with my dog Tray and enjoy the bewitching views North, South, East and West. On one of these hills near our home, we boys at one time proceeded to dig caves à la Robinson Crusoe, one for ourselves and one for the girls. Here on Saturday we would spend a large part of the day building bonfires in which we roasted our potatoes, and having a fine spread inside of the caves, which we illuminated with candles. These caves lasted us for a whole season and were highly prized by us being the result of strenuous toil. Alas! one fall after very heavy and long continued rains, the caves slumped in burying all the simple furniture that we had for our comfort. After due counsel we boys made up our minds that to dig other caves would simply result in a similar disaster. We, therefore, made up our minds that we would have a bush cave. Selecting a very large and thickly growing bush we cut out all the inside growth, leaving only the outer branches to serve as walls for our cave. This suited our purpose of Saturday picnics very well. The

last time I was in Constantinople in 1914 that same bush cave was still there, though fifty years had elapsed since any of us had enjoyed ourselves within its shelter.

Of course the Bosporus is not always ravishingly beautiful, indeed in winter it is cold and bleak. But in April and May, before the summer drought starts in, it is not an exaggeration to say that the Bosporus is a kind of Paradise. I had often spoken to my better half about its beauties and could not help realizing that she thought I was exaggerating. In 1894 when she visited Constantinople for the first time, I hired a two-oared Caique and we rowed up from Stamboul to Hissar, six miles. After the beauty of the scene began to impress itself on her, she turned to me and said, "Why did you never tell me how beautiful the Bosporus is?"

Needless to say a large part of our joy consisted in bathing in summer time. We boys very easily learned how to swim, and during the season to miss our afternoon's swim was really to make that day count for nothing. I nearly came to a premature end one time, owing to my inexperience, in an effort at deep diving. I thought that I would like to see how far down I could go, and I failed to calculate that it would take some time to reach the surface

again. The result was that I held my downward course until my breath nearly gave out. Then I started for the summit and I fully believe that fifteen seconds more of dire distress for breath would have resulted in my inhaling lungs full of water, which probably would have been the end of my earthly career. I was at first somewhat timid about jumping into the deep water as my older brothers did. At the same time I was ashamed to wade in lest I should be laughed at. The result was that I adopted a compromise and standing on the edge of the pier invited one of the boys to push me off. In this way I seemed to "save my face" as the Chinese say. Later on I was able to jump and dive with the best of them.

Of course rowing in the caiques was a constant source of enjoyment and Alfred and I learned to handle those ticklish boats just as well as professional rowers, so that our constant going out on the Bosporus in spite of its swift currents, caused our parents no anxiety as they knew perfectly well that we were quite competent to handle the boats safely. I have no doubt but that this exercise contributed largely toward our physical well-being and that this stood us in good stead in our later years.

One of our great joys was the annual picnic

The Roumeli Hissar Fort

On the European side of the Bosporus. It was built shortly before 1453 by Mohammed the Conqueror. This is the famous castle to which my little poem, written in college, refers. Between the two highest towers can be seen some of the buildings of Robert College.

on the 4th of July when the missionary band at Constantinople chartered a steamer and spent the day most happily in some secluded grove on the banks of the Bosporus. Never did I pray more earnestly in those early days than I did that it might not rain on the Fourth of July and when once in a while it did rain it seemed to us boys as though the joy of life had departed.

The Boy Turns Poet

One summer as I chanced to stroll
Along the charming Bosporus
I spied a castle rising high o'er the surrounding land.
On the hill side it stood,
And while it bathed its feet in waters from the Euxine,
It reared its castellated head in pride aloft
And seemed indeed a kindly guardian
For the small hamlet nestling in its bosom.
'Tis said by those of olden time
That e'er Mahmoud wrested Byzantium from the Greek,
Having obtained liberty to raise a store house on that spot,
Took license, and in lieu
Raised up those lofty walls and towers

Which stood for ages a terror to the Greek and Muscovite.
Not far from here the Moslem hosts were marshaled,
And in obedience to their leaders call
Laid siege to the doomed city,
The fair Byzantium,
Which with its convents, palaces and domes,
Its cypress groves and hippodromes,
Remains the sole survivor of those mighty kings
Whose sway extended from Britannia to the Scythian plains.
Three massive towers stand, larger than the rest,
And one of these is called Oblivion,
For though full many a captive Greek entered its walls
None ever issued thence to mingle with the busy world.
One chamber yet remains intact,
And here the curious traveler may see a block
And rusted axe-head
And walls besmeared with gore,
All that is left to mark the fate of Athena's brave sons.
All else is ruin and decay,
While, in the basement,

Unmindful of the tortures which man inflicted
on his fellow man in days gone by
A miller stores his corn and flour,
And, from his store, he daily draws
Wherewith to satisfy the multitudes which
throng around his door.
Hard by this tower, half covered up by mother
earth
To shelter it from the blasts which rudely swoop
down from the Pontus,
A porphyry column shows its colored side
And still retains that polish
Which served to adorn some heathen temple,
And thence was torn by Tartar bands
With more than vandal savagery.
A heavy gate still stands
Near where the tower presents its stony side
In sheer defiance of all the furious north wind
can effect.
One of the folding doors
Thick plated and well riveted, lies prostrate,
While its haughty mate with sturdier mien
Upright still stands, and, keeps a sleepless
watch
Over the spot where years ago
The Moslem and the Greek mingled in deadly
strife.

Over the gate a watch house stood
From which the guard with ringing voice
Heralded the near approach of foe or friend.
But watch-man and watch-tower have long since numbered been with things that were.
Supporting the "Oblivion" to right and left,
But standing higher on the hill
Which rises to the abode of Sheiks,
Are two more towers half hidden by the clustering ivy
Which shields the battered walls from vulgar eyes.
A winding staircase,
Crumbling now and over-grown with weeds,
Leads to the summit of the highest tower,
While in the wall loop holes are seen,
Through which the faithful sped unerring arrows—
Swift messengers of death—
Summoning full many a son of Hellas
To that dread bar from whose decision no appeal exists.
Something within me bade me climb the dizzy height,
In spite of crumbling staircase, or of slippery weeds.
For unto him who perseveres,
And persevering gains the summit,

A view presents itself so beautiful, majestic, grand,
That he would fain believe himself transported
To that fair paradise
From which our parents were expelled
When erst defiled by sin.
Beneath its feet nestles a comely village,
And in the market place some children play at hide and seek,
While ever and anon their boisterous laughter,
As some young comrade, long baffling the hot pursuit of all his fellows,
At last is found,
Comes borne on wings aloft
And sounds like distant tinkling of sleigh bells.
The old men sit in silence
Around some story teller
And list with wonder to his anecdotes replete with deeds of heroes bold,
And warriors famed in strife with Athena's fierce sons.
Close to the village rolls the Bosporus
In solemn grandeur sweeping on past palaces and mosques,
And bearing on its bosom the wealth of nations.
The sloping shores are dotted here and there
With hamlets, peeping forth
Amidst the giant sycamores,

Which spread their Titan arms abroad
And shelter all beneath them from the noon-tide sun.
Full five miles off Byzantium lies.
Among its minarets and domes, Sophia stands pre-eminent.
But the altar, where the priests of God
Their orisons once paid,
Is now defiled by Moslem hands,
While five times daily from its minarets
Goes forth the cry
Our God is great He is the God
And Mohammed his faithful prophet.
In the dim distance rises white Olympus,
Clearly outlined against the horizon,
Which with its snow-capped peaks
Seems to keep watch over the doomed city,
Still waiting for the time when Suliote bands
Shall once again with eager foot
Press the dear soil stained by their father's blood.
But now the twilight hour has passed
And the pale moon, the queen of tides,
Rises above the clouds,
The children cease their play
The aged men betake themselves to prayer
And silence holds her pensive sway
Over the Moslem capital.

Turkish Dogs

For centuries Constantinople has been noted for its street dogs. When I was a boy there were many thousands of them, not only in the city itself, but in every village along the Bosporus. These dogs picked up their own food as best they could, with the result that often times they were hard pushed to keep themselves alive and in reasonable condition. All visitors to Constantinople used to complain that these dogs made night hideous, and their complaint was well founded.

As a matter of fact these dogs had a kind of self-government and they portioned out districts for themselves in the city, each district having a definite number of dogs. The district boundaries were well marked. As a result individual dogs did not stray over the whole city, but kept themselves rigidly to their own district. If by chance a dog got out of his district in search of food, he would at once be attacked by the dogs of that district. Starting for his own district the dog would raise a cry. His own district dogs would rally at once on the line between their own district and the one invaded by their friend. If their friend got over the line safely, they were satisfied, but if the

pursuing dogs from the neighboring district ventured over the line to attack their fleeing enemy, his friends at once put up a fierce fight in his defense.

Occasionally it would happen that a dog became disgusted with his own crowd and voluntarily emigrated into another district. The dogs of that district would at once fall upon him. Instead of fleeing he would lie down and endure whatever punishment they administered. When in their judgment justice had been satisfied they would cease their punishment. He then became a member of that district and could no longer go back to his old quarters. Having changed his citizenship his new comrades would fight for him just as truly as though he had been born in their flock. These rules were rigidly carried out by all the hundreds of dog districts in Constantinople.

Of course when I went out with my dog Tray there was trouble as I went through one district after another. In each district the dogs would rally to attack, though they never followed my dog into the next district, leaving my dog in that district to its local citizens. I used to take with me a long Australian stock-whip to defend my dog against these continual assaults and almost without exception, between myself and

himself, we were able to get through without any serious damage.

The young Turkey party, however, got rid of the dogs in Constantinople so that when we were there last in 1914 there was only a dog to be seen here and there which made the streets seem to me quite lonesome.

Off For College

At last the time came for me to leave my home and come to this country to enter Williams College. I left in the summer of 1863, this being the first time that I had ever left home alone. My first stage was from Constantinople to Marseilles via the Piraeus. Here I took the opportunity of running up to Athens. Just at that time Athens was in a tumult of revolutionary excitement. The Acropolis was dotted here and there with revolutionists with long muskets in their hands.

As we had to drive up from the Piraeus to Athens, an Armenian, a fellow passenger, took a carriage with me. On the way up he showed me a wonderful emerald about the size of an English walnut, and told me that he was going to London to sell it. Singularly enough this filled me with a kind of vague apprehension lest some of these lawless men should in some

way know that my companion had so priceless a jewel, and should lie in wait for us, and together we should meet our fate. My relief was very great when we got through our visit and were back on the steamer safe and sound. The journey on to Marseilles was without incident.

On boarding the train at Marseilles, there was no one in the compartment with me, but a young Greek and his bride. Not thinking at all that I understood Greek, they began to talk together, and very soon I realized that the conversation was such as they would not indulge in, if they knew that their fellow passenger understood what they said. It seemed only fair that I should let them know that I knew Greek. So turning to the young man I asked him, "Will you please tell me what time we are due at Lyons?" With a look of great astonishment, he exclaimed, "By the Holy Virgin, do you talk Greek?" After that their conversation was headed in a very different direction.

Apropos of this traveling in those early days in locked-in compartments, all alone with strangers, I may add another experience. Traveling once in France all night, there was only one fellow traveler in my compartment.

There had been some unfortunate cases of violence in locked-in compartments about the time in that country.

I began studying my fellow traveler, especially about the hour when it was time to wrap up for the night. I could make very little of him, and I had not said one word to him so far. About ten o'clock he opened his little valise and took out a little well worn New Testament, in which he read a passage. As this was evidently the key to the man's moral standing, my fears were at once quieted and wrapping myself up I slept well. In the morning I got into conversation with him and found that he was an English general (out of uniform) coming back from India on a furlough. I found him a most interesting man and a thorough-going Christian as well.

At Marseilles I boarded my first railroad train and started on the twenty-seven hour trip to Paris. Of course there were no sleepers in those days, and we sat up the whole way. Now I had heard that express trains sometimes made fifty miles an hour. Not knowing how to judge the speed of a railroad train, it took me about an hour to make up my mind that we had reached our full speed. No one had ever told me, however, that trains pass

each other on different tracks, and the very first train that we met rushing past us, raised every bit of goose-flesh on my body, for I was sure we had had an awful collision.

When we got to Paris I went to a small hotel, and took a room for five francs a day, up three flights of stairs. When the porter had set down my little trunk and my 'cello case, and had gone out and closed the door, I was suddenly overwhelmed with an awful fit of homesickness. This was the first time I had been able really to stop, since I had left home, and realize my loneliness. It seemed to me as if I should die on the spot. In a kind of despair I took out my 'cello and began to play for dear life. In this way I played myself back to a rational frame of mind, and then taking my hat I started out to see the wonders of the French capital.

The only other time that I have been so bitterly homesick was the first Sunday in college, when in the afternoon I was again overwhelmed with this terrible longing for my home and parents. It seemed again as if I might die on the spot, for the literal heart-ache was bitter. What I then did was to seize my hat and start down the road toward North Adams on the jog trot. This pace I kept up

for over a mile and then my homesickness passed away and I walked back to East College in peace of mind. From that day to this I have never had another such attack.

From Paris I went to Calais, and there, for the sake of economy, took a steamer for London, via the Thames. In this way I saw the whole of the Thames between its mouth and the city. In those days all the sewage of London poured into that little river, and the odor on a hot day was something better imagined than described.

In London

My parents had only given me the address of one boarding house in London, where I was to put up for the week that I intended to spend there. Taking a cab at the steamer dock, I gave the driver the address, and we started. The cabby was one of the typical London cabbies of that day. When we arrived at the boarding house, I found that it had closed. My parents had not given me another address in London, and I did not know the name of a single hotel. I asked the cabby if he could drive me in to a hotel, to which he replied that he did not know of any. Even in my lack of experience I thought this reply rather singu-

lar. In a moment or two he said, "Yes, I do remember a hotel," and I directed him to drive me to it.

He then drove me back to Fleet Street and we stopped at a little twenty-foot front building by the name of "Paine's Hotel." The cabby rang the bell and I entered, engaged a room, and had my traps taken up to it. On entering my room I noticed at once that there was no lock on the door, and this rather aroused my suspicions. I therefore made up my mind that I would look for another hotel. On leaving my room and going to the landing leading down stairs, I met a woman leaning over the railing with mighty few clothes on. She was haranguing the cabman somewhat as follows: "What did you bring that kind of a fellow here for? We don't want men of that kind." This at once confirmed my suspicions that I was in a bad house. I went out and found a respectable looking hotel on the same street called the "Portugal Hotel." Going in I engaged a room and then returned to "Paine's Hotel" for my goods. Again I found the door locked. On entering I stood in the doorway by way of caution and said to the porter, "Bring down my baggage, I am going to change my hotel." This he refused to do, although I offered him

pay for one day. As I stood in the doorway he was unable to shut the door on me, and after some argument reluctantly brought my property down and I had it taken to the other and more respectable hotel.

After this I started down Fleet Street, going as far as Trafalgar Square, of course passing Temple Bar which then was still standing. At Trafalgar Square I saw a crowd just at the corner where Morley's Hotel stands. Curiosity led me to push into the crowd, and I saw that the center of attraction consisted of two English women, roaring drunk, engaged in a bitter fist fight. I was horror stricken to see two English women in such a situation. No one interfered, and no policemen came to stop the disgraceful scene. Presently one of the women swung out her arm and gave the other one a terrible blow just over the jugular vein. This felled her like an ox, and she crashed to the ground unconscious. Still no one interfered. Such a sight as that certainly could not have been seen at that time in any Mohammedan city, and was a horrible comment on the type of Anglo-Saxon civilization that those women and that crowd displayed.

On the "Great Eastern"

After seeing London I ran by train to Liverpool. I had seen an advertisement of the *Great Eastern* and had bought a ticket, second class, on that monster for New York. How great a monster she was in those days may be realized from the fact that there were very few steamers (if any) sailing between Liverpool and New York of over five thousand tons burden, whereas the *Great Eastern* measured twenty-six thousand tons. She was a combined side-wheeler and screw. She carried about a thousand passengers, but on this trip her cargo was so small compared with her capacity, that she rode too high out of the water.

Soon after leaving Queenstown a notice was given out there would be a display by a professional bicyclist on the deck. I had never even heard of a bicycle and so of course was present to see the show. The deck of the *Great Eastern* was flush from end to end, and gave a smooth course both ways of about twelve hundred feet. When the performer came out, he mounted what we now call an "ordinary" (i.e., a high wheel) and started along the deck. I was filled with amazement at his performance,

and wondered how under the sun he could keep his balance on two wheels. This amazement was increased when, as he crossed the deck from one side to the other while the ship was rolling, he met with no accident but swung around with a masterful dexterity and started along the length of the ship again.

When we were off the banks, we were overtaken by a regular August hurricane. I was downstairs washing for dinner, and was conscious that the ship was rolling very heavily. Upstairs the whole company were at the table. Suddenly the steamer gave a tremendous lurch, and I heard a terrific crash of all kinds of crockery in the dining room and screams of the frightened passengers. On that I hastily went upstairs and found that there had been no racks on the tables and that that lurch had cleared the tables of every movable thing, and had thrown the passengers left and right, injuring some of them seriously. This ended the dinner for that evening, and then began the horrors of such a night as I have never passed. Owing to her great length and her lack of horse power (the paddle wheel engines had only a thousand horse power and the screw fifteen hundred) when she got into the trough of the sea, the Captain could not get her out, so there we lay

thrashing back and forth, the waves breaking over the steamer with titanic violence. No one was allowed on deck as it was absolutely unsafe. We thrashed in this way until about two o'clock in the morning. I heard a boiler burst and heard the pumps start, showing that we had sprung a leak.

Of course there was no sleep, and the passengers were gathered in the great saloon, holding on to any piece of stationary furniture for dear life. About two o'clock the captain came down somewhat intoxicated and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, there is no hope. We are all going to the bottom." Naturally this was not calculated to soothe the anxieties of the frightened passengers, and some of the ladies went into hysterics.

My elbow neighbor at the table, the profanest and most filthy mouthed man that I had ever, or have ever, met, was present when the captain made his announcement. He was filled with fear. Promptly he knelt down by one of the tables and holding on for dear life he said, "It's time to pray." With that he poured out a prayer to Almighty God, which consisted chiefly of a solemn promise that if God would get him out of this storm alive and on shore again in safety, he would never take his name

in vain again. During the rest of the voyage at least he kept this promise.

We were four days in from the banks owing to our being so crippled by the storm. The morning after the storm abated for example, I saw them fussing at one of the paddle boxes, the door of which opening on to the deck gave a good view of paddles. I looked in, and out of the forty-four floats which ought to have been in position, there were only eleven left. The others had been smashed to kindling wood. Of the eighteen life boats I saw only four were left. Fourteen of them had been swept overboard by the mountainous waves.

In the course of that same day a gentleman said to me, "Have you been down in the hold?" To this I replied, "No, I have nothing in the hold. All my baggage is in my stateroom." "Go down to the hold," he said, "you never saw such a sight in your life." So I wended my way to said hold. This was about seventy feet broad and about a hundred feet long. There, in one wild mass of wreck, lay the baggage which, during the night, had got loose and been thrown from side to side. No man had dared go down to straighten things out. The result was that, with the exception of sole leather trunks, there was not a piece of a trunk left as

large as my two hands. I saw ladies stepping around in all this terrible debris, picking out here and there a garment which they recognized as belonging to them. Later on I saw a lady in the first class saloon with a pile of silk dresses three or four feet high which she had rescued, which however were no longer dresses but mere ribbons.

We had on board two race horses, badly stalled. They got loose in the night and one of them was killed on the spot and the second was so broken up by the violence of his handling that they had to shoot him. These poor creatures were then hauled up and thrown overboard.

When we left Liverpool the last news from New York was that the draft rioters had control of the city and that New York was in flames. We were two weeks coming to New York, and as those were not days of wireless, we were ignorant as to what had taken place in the city since we left Liverpool. We did not know but what we should find New York a mass of ruins. Great was our relief therefore when we found that matters had quieted down, and that General B. F. Butler had his headquarters at the old Metropolitan Hotel on Broadway.

Owing to the vast size of the *Great Eastern*

we could not come up over the bar, but had to come up Long Island Sound and anchor at Flushing. From there we were transported to the city in tugs. Thus began my first experience in the United States.

In College

While Alf was in college with me, from '63 to '65, of course he was the musical leader of the College Glee Club. After he left I assumed that position, so that for six years all the musical culture in the college was practically headed by us two.

When I got to college, I found things from a religious standpoint, in shocking condition. While there were earnest Christian men in every class, there were also many in whose case religion was far from their thoughts. At the table where I boarded profane language and obscene talk was the regular order of the day. I was a clean-minded boy and was perfectly shocked at the kind of stories to which I was obliged to listen. As I was only a Freshman, and as the men in that club were Juniors or Seniors, I felt myself powerless to make any protest, for I was there at that eating club merely because my brother Alfred, a Junior, was a member.

That winter, however, a Rev. Mr. Kempshall from Elizabeth, New Jersey, came up to conduct a series of revival services. He was truly God's messenger to Williams College that winter. He preached with great power, and the result was that a revival of religion, pure and undefiled, started very soon. Daily meetings were held for the whole college, beside class prayer meetings. The college was shaken as by the power of the Holy Spirit. There were many conversions, and much calling back of those who had fallen away in their religious life. I had never passed through a revival, and so was deeply moved. In my own class the Christian men gathered themselves together, and apportioned the unconverted men to the care of men who were Christians, in order that they might be personally visited in their rooms. All this was to me a delightful, though an entirely new, form of activity.

Suffice it to say that as a result of this revival, the constant profanity and the filthy stories were driven into darkness where they belonged, and after that if any man in any gathering began to tell some dirty story, he was at once sat on, and made to understand that that was all off color.

It is impossible for me to tell how I enjoyed

my college experience. In Constantinople, owing to the fact that nearly all the missionary boys had preceded me to college, I had for two years lived a kind of lonely life, with no boy associates. To be transplanted from this solitary existence into the midst of a town filled with young fellows about my own age, was a wonderful experience. Probably no one enjoyed this freedom of association with others, like minded, more than I did.

In my college life I was exceedingly well physically, excepting the first winter when I had an attack of measles. This put me into bed for forty-eight hours. During my long life I have never, excepting at that time, been confined to bed for twenty-four consecutive hours, a fact which ought to cause, and does cause, very great gratitude on my part. Once more, in college I had a severe attack of dysentery, which came on just at the time that my class was going through its biennial examinations. This made it very hard for me, but with the buoyancy of youth, I pulled through and was enabled to make a decent record.

While talking about examinations, the ability to write some doggerel stood me once in good stead. In our Sophomore year our class was divided in its mathematical study into two divi-

sions, according to the ability of the men. I was put into the first division. Now my mathematical preparation for college had been very weak, though my linguistic preparation had been unusually good. I told the professor that I could not go as fast as the first division was supposed to go, and asked him to transfer me to the second division. This he declined to do.

The first division then took up trigonometry, which we called "trig" for short. When we came to our examinations, it was customary for each student to step up to the professor's desk and by lot to draw a problem. If he could not work it out, he was allowed to draw again. I drew my problem and very soon saw that to solve it was beyond me. I then stepped up and drew again, and drew the same problem. This I called to the professor's attention, but his simple reply was, "I cannot help you." I worked the problem out as far as I could and then stopped. Underneath the unfinished work I inscribed the following:

"This formula is far too long.
For fear I should do something wrong
I guess I'll not attempt the rest,
Which would be fizzling at the best.

Of all the studies I do know
In "trig" I make the poorest show;
In the other division I'll do better,
Or else I'll take my walking letter."

I then folded up my paper, passed it in, and started for the door. By good luck, the professor opened my paper instantly, and seeing what I had written, called me back. "Did you write this?" "Yes, sir." "Do you want to go in the second division?" "Yes, sir." "Go along." So my doggerel achieved for me a most comfortable result.

During all of my college term, my vacation home was with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Merriam in Springfield, Massachusetts. Never can I repay the debt of gratitude that I owe them for their priceless hospitality, and their unbounded patience with a rather headstrong college boy. The lovely times I had in their home with their daughters can never be adequately described, and to a boy who had no home on this side of the ocean, their home was a joy and a boundless blessing.

Trip Through Europe

In this connection I might add the following In the summer of 1868, I met Mr. and Mrs. Merriam and their daughter Lilly, with a friend

of theirs in Paris. They had just arrived, and were to begin their tour through Europe, starting from that French city. They had thought that their daughter Lilly's knowledge of French would be enough to see them through. When, however, she came to try to use what French she had, and to understand the rapid utterance of French people, she found herself stranded. On that Mr. Merriam came to me and said, "Fred, we feel ourselves very ill at ease. We shall need a courier to get through Europe, and that will cost money, and he will probably cheat us. You can get along well in French, German and Italian. Now if you will come with us for four months, I will pay all your expenses, and it will be a great blessing to us to have you to lean upon instead of some money-making courier." I asked for twenty-four hours to think it over, and then I decided to accept his splendid offer, for it would give me a chance to see Europe, such as I never had hoped for.

When we started, I found traveling with that party a very different thing from traveling alone on my own limited resources, when I had to think of every franc twice before I spent it. Several times during these four months Mr. Merriam, who was a very shy man, came into my room and rattled down twenty Napoleons

in gold, simply saying, "You have been a great help to us and you need some money for private expenses." And almost before I could say "Thank you" he fled out of the room.

Three Great Teachers

During my educational years I had the inestimable privilege of being directly under the teaching and influence of Mark Hopkins, at that time President of Williams College. The chief thing that he taught us was how rightly to use our intellectual tools. In this line of instruction he was a master hand. Later on in Andover Theological Seminary, where at that time there were nine valedictorians, the Yale men said to us Williams College men, "The men we most fear in the debating society here are you fellows from Williams. We can't match you in debate, for we have never had the training that you enjoyed under President Hopkins."

In Andover I had the privilege of being under Professor E. A. Park, and Professor Austin Phelps, the first in Systematic Theology and the second in Homiletics. Each of these men was a master in his own line.

From these three men, then, President Hopkins, and Professors Park and Phelps, I got

more that was of value to me in life, than from all my other professors put together. My life in Andover was exceedingly happy, though also very busy.

One time in Andover at our boarding house, I incidentally said, "I have half a mind to begin Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.'" At that one of my classmates burst out laughing and said, "Yes, that's a fine thing to do for a man studying as hard as you are." My reply to him was that I would read the whole six volumes in six weeks, and omit nothing that I was doing then. To this he replied, "If you do that I will give you the best oyster supper you ever had." My reply was "Accepted." I then got to work.

Instead of spending my time in gossip after meals, I went straight at my book. If I went to Boston, Gibbon went with me. To make a long story short, in the six weeks, I had completed the six volumes together with pencil annotations on the whole. Needless to say during these weeks I wasted no precious ten minutes, and also needless to say, I had the best oyster supper that I had ever enjoyed up till that time.

I took no vacation in Andover but stayed by the stuff, and kept on with my studies, while

other fellows were away resting, and the result was that I was rather worn out when I got through. I had intended to go straight down to New York to engage in City Mission work, but the doctor said that I ought to take a year in some quiet country parish to recover my vigor.

Just at that time the Congregational Church in Brookfield, Massachusetts, was in need of a supply for a year. I went up there as candidate. Now I had always made up my mind that I would be an extempore preacher, for I realized that though written sermons were more polished, extempore sermons, if properly prepared, were more effective. On that Sunday in Brookfield where I appeared as a candidate, my morning sermon was written, but my evening sermon was extempore. I remember thinking to myself, "If you fail to get your call it will be because of your extempore effort." I received the call.

Some months later the leading deacon of the church said to me, "Do you know what got you your call to Brookfield?" I replied, "No, certainly not." He then responded, "It was that extempore sermon in the evening, for people said if you had courage enough to do a thing like that as candidate, you were the kind

of man they wanted." So my carefully written sermon failed to do what my extempore sermon seems to have accomplished.

At the end of the year, in the fall of 1872, I bade a sad farewell to my Brookfield congregation, whom I had learned to love, and went down to New York City where I began City Mission work, in which I have been engaged, first for fourteen years as pastor of Olivet Church, and second for thirty-two years as Vice-President, or President of the New York City Mission Society.

Printed in the United States of America